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On the Death of William Wirt.

The following from Horace Greeley's pen, is presented as a specimen of his talent for poetry. It was written by him at twenty-three years of age:

"Rouse not the muffled drum,
Wake not the martial trumpet's mournful sound
For him whose mighty voice in death is dumb;
Who, in the zenith of his high renown,
To the grave went down.

"Invoke no cannon's breath
To swell the requiem o'er his ashes roured—
Silently I car him to the house of death:
The aching hearts by whom he was adored,
He won not with the sword.

No! let affliction's tear
Be the sole tribute to his memory paid;
Earth has no monument so justly dear
To souls like his in purity arrayed—
Never to fade.

"I loved thee, patriot Chief!
I battled proud beneath thy banner pure:
Mine is the breast of woe—the heart of grief,
Which suffer on unmindful of a care—
Proud to endure.

"But vain the voice of wail,
For thee, for this dim vail of sorrow fled—
Earth has no spell whose magic shall not fail
No light the gloom that shrouds thy narrow bed.

"Then take thy long repose
Beneath the shelter of the deep green sod;
Death but a brighter halo o'er thee throws.
Thy fame, thy soul alike have spurned the clod—
Rest thee in God."

RELIGIOUS ITEMS.

NEW YORK City contains 344 churches, valued at $88,800,000.

THE Cathedral at Chester, in England, was founded in the year 200; and was used as a place of safety against the Danes in 800

NOVEMBER 20 is to be celebrated as the three hundredth anniversary of the formation of the first Presbytery in England.

THE Baptists of Baltimore have subscribed $15,000 to build a Baptist church for the negroes in the

How is it possible that mankind will take advice when they will not so much as take warning.
southern part of that city.

THERE are within the boundaries of the Southern Baptist Convention 455 associations, 11,168 churches, 6,493 ministers, and 893,037 members.

THERE never was as great an interest taken in the Sunday schools as that now displayed in Pensylvania. It is a sign of great improvement and high social progress.

A SPANISH church is to be erected at San Francisco.

THERE are 91,000 ministers in this country, with an average salary of $700 per annum. Somebody advises a strike for higher wages.

THERE are several ministers of the Protestant Episcopal Church in New York who hold confessional service and have mass every morning.

ITALY, where but a few years ago no son of Abraham was safe from persecution; now admits Jews as teachers to the highest institutions of learning.

THE number of Trustees of Methodist churches. 94,080; of stewards of societies, 80,640; of class leaders, 47,556; of Sunday school Superintendents, 19,555; of Sunday school teachers, and officers other than Superintendents, 176,426.

THE Central Presbyterian Church of San Francisco will commence the construction of a new church next week, capable of seating 2,000 persons, and to cost $40,000. They have also engaged the services of Philip Phillips, the "Singing Pilgrim," at a salary of 5,000 per year.

ONE of the resolutions passed by the Methodist General Conference was to the effect that they would resist all means which may be employed to exclude from our common schools the Bible, "which is the charter of our liberties and the inspiration of our civilization."

THE LATE Marinus Lord, of Hartford, left an estate valued at $50,000. Upon the death of his wife, he provides in his will that the whole shall be divided between the American Tract Society, the Sunday-School Union, the American Bible Society, and the Home Missionary Society.

THE New York *Examiner* has an article which, in view of the fact that "while people find it perfectly safe and prudent to go about their ordinary busidess in all sorts of weather, 'rain or shine,' a rainy Sunday will keep them as closely shut up at home," inquires, "Why is it that a Sunday rain storm is so much more dreadful to encounter than a 'secular one?'"

THERE IS a sufficient quantity of fermented and distilled liquor used in the United States in one year to fill a canal four feet deep, fourteen feet wide, and one hundred and twenty miles in length. If the victims of the rum traffic were there also, we should see a suicide at every mile, and a thousand funerals a day. If the drunkards of America could be placed in a grand procession, five abreast, what an army of victims!

LET us beware that our rest become not the rest of stones, which, so long as they are torrent-tossed and thunder-stricken, maintain their majesty, but when the stream is silent, and the storm passed, suffer the grass to cover them and the lichen to feed on them, and are ploughed down into dust.

FIVE-TEN.

One day, a short time after Miss Flora Hollister had put her modest name into the newspapers in the hope that it would attract the world's attention to the line of goods in which she proposed to deal, she arrived at the depot from which the cars started just as the train was about to move, and stepped on board, thankful that this movement at least did not involve a question. She could see for herself where she was going.

But, when the conductor came around uttering the magic word which exacted the attention of fullfares and commuters alike, he looked at her ticket and herself with a glance as near surprise as it was easy for his official face to exhibit. What Miss Flora perceived in his countenance was something so like commiseration, that, struck by the dart of fear in the midst of her self-congratulation, she exclaimed:

"What is the matter?"

"Were you expecting to go to Orleans?" the conductor asked.

"I am," she said, with grammatical satisfaction and emphasis.

"But we go to Bushfield."

"Very well."

"Due west, madam. You want to go on the south road."

Miss Flora loked at him as though he had spoken in a foreign tongue.

"You have made a mistake," he added "This is the 5:10 train. The 5:5 left on time."

"I am going to Bushfield, then, whether or no, do you mean?"

The young lady loked at the car window, and, as she did so, caught a glimpse of the apparently not uninterested lady who sat by her side.

"I'm afraid there is no help for it," said the conductor, soothingly, at the same time laying his hand on Flora's shoulder as if to prevent her dashing through the window, or possibly the ventilator. Then he ignored the ticket she was still extending toward him, and walked on.

Miss Flora sat back in her seat and gave herself up to reflections; and perhaps tears stole into her eyes, business-woman though she aspired and assumed to be, as she thought of poor Phil sitting in the green wagon and watching till the last passenger had left the train and the station, and then disconsolately taking his way home without a passenger. To think of the speculations and the fears that would torment the household that night! O Watt! O Fulton! O Steverson! How feeble you all moved in her emergency! And O Darius Green! How would she have composed an epic in your honor, for Flora had written verses, and had been deemed a poet at 17, had you but succeeded in making your flying machine fly!

The lady who sat next to Miss Flora held a book in her hand, which she was reading. Inferring the desperate mood of her companion from the motionless silence into which she had retired as soon as the conductor had moved on, she half closed the volume and asked:

"Have you never been to Bushfield?"

"Never," sighed Miss Flora.

"And you have no friends there? Too bad."

"I never heard of the place before."

"That is not so strange; it is out of the world. So we, who know all about it, are in the habit of boasting."

The voice of the stranger had sympathy in it, and Miss Flora now remembered that whoso would have friends must show himself friendly.

"Can I telegraph from the place?" she asked.

"To New York you can."

"Not to Orleans?"

"Yes, by the way of New York, probably."

"But that wouldn't do; when can I go back to town?"

"Not before to-morrow afternoon—a milk train leaves Bushfield at three."

Then said Miss Flora, feeling an urgent necessity of accounting for herself to somebody: "I was detained in spite of myself; and, when I got on this train, I was thankful enough for it to have been the right one."

"Ha!" laughed her companion, "I understand you."

With that she returned to her book, and, if Flora liked, and could do it, she might sit and admire her. Whether she did this or not, she could not well help receiving an impression.

"If ever there was an emancipated woman," she thought, "here is such a one before me."

And, in fact, the woman did look as if she had not a care nor a vanity in this wicked world to trouble her. Her mind was made up, evidently as to most things that concerned her, or could possibly concern her. She was neither old nor young, nor flurred, nor worried, nor lazy, nor capable of complaint. She sat reading in her corner of the brightred plush sofa, as if she had passed her youth there, and might stay there through her declining years. But, about ten minutes before the train was due at Bushfield, she shut her book, put it in her satchel, began to collect her bundles, and at length, looking across a great roll which she held in her arms, said to Flora:

"I am going to Bushfield to set my house in order. If you will stay with me until you can go back to town, you can be made as comfortable as you would be, perhaps, if out on a picnic that lasted overnight. My house has been shut up all winter, and I have no servant with me."

Miss Harlem—there is no reason why her name should be concealed—had so much of the good Samaritan in her face as she spoke, that Flora could not help thanking her for helping her out of the ditch, as it were; the lady seemed pleased to be taken at her word.

"There is nobody to expect me," she said, as they stood on the platform at the depot for a moment, while she twisted her veil around her hat and looked down the lane-like road which ran on and on, evidently toward the dwelling-places scattered aleng the hillside, "so we may as well go at once."

Flora could not have dropped into a greener world or one more still, for the stillness was not broken by the singing of the birds, which filled the budding trees and made vocal the wayside fences.

When, laden like two peddlers, they had gone about a mile, indulging now and then in a bit of speech, Miss Harlem suddenly turned into a still narrower lane, and rounding a curve in the road, they beheld a small, old house half hidden by the great apple trees which, blushing in aged beauty, surrounded it.

"Here we are, all in the month of May," said the guide. "Wait a minute until I let the daylight in."

So she unlocked the door, went in, unfastened the tight wooden shutters, and stepped quickly about with a song in her heart, which now and then presented itself at the door of her mouth. She was evidently at home.

While Miss Flora stood in the rustic porch, looking across the green grass to the lonely, winding road, she felt how much she had yet to learn of real solitude. I wish I could disclose to you that old place, though you are here for quite another purpose; and, indeed, what words could give you the subdued and wonderous coloring of that August twilight—the wide expanse of that glorious sky, gorgeous even with its dying hues—the sound of the long swaying branches, as they scarcely moved in the zephyrous air—the dense shadows in the grass—the chirp of the little disobedient birds that would sit up late and talk?

In less than an hour the water was boiling in the tea-kettle, and they were seated at a little tea-table in a square room, which suggested to Miss Flora that possibly she might be in the house of one of Barnum's collectors or manufacturers. Every minute thing that could move on wings seemed to have flown in there to be impaled. There was no end of butterflies—no end of minor insects, and a wilderness of birds. Glass cages protected all these specimens. The room was a library, but the books were the works of nature. There was no furniture besides, except the table at which they sat, and the chairs which supported them. Dividing the six cages of stuffed birds and other preserved creatures, were three windows and two doors, and through these windows, between the gnarled branches of those blooming apple-trees—oh, my good reader, would that you and I might see what Miss Flora's eyes beheld!

"The like of this will never happen to me again; I will enjoy it to the full extent," Miss Flora thought, reminding herself in good time that she was a philospher.

Her hostess perhaps divined her thoughts. "Shall you be afraid to spend the night in this old house?" she asked, "I am ancient being, there's no denying it, but I am no witch. These things you see around are my fossil remains."

"If you do not repent having invited me, I congratulate myself," said Miss Flora.

"I ought not to repent, I have plenty of solitude, but that's what I like of all things," answered Miss Harlem, adding one remark to another so quickly and deftly, would that the man worshipping "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" could have heard her! "If I had not this place to come to once in a while I don't know how I should fare."

Flora wanted just then to ask a question or two; but, as though persuaded that she must hear a good many new and strange things before she went away, she left the questions unasked, and not only so, but before the evening was half spent found herself enlarging eloquently on the difficulties of the work which she had undertaken, and looking to her hostess for council in such a way that seemed to imply that she had gone to Bushfield for the very purpose. It is worth while, we are told, to look under the very stones in our path, for there may lie waiting us the helper we need. Certain it is that toward no point of the compass could Miss Flora have turned her steps that night to such excellent purpose as toward the west, where Miss Harlem and counsel awaited her.

The next morning before she left the snug chamber, which had been the family-room of three generations, as Flora was told, and could well believe, she heard her hostess moving about. It was near sunrise, and she was evidently up for all day, and 3 p. m. seemed now so near to Flora, that she felt she had no time to lose.

She found Miss Harlem in her library, with the doors of her bookcase open, evidently inspecting her treasures. And, it was good to look at her by daylight, to see a woman so active and strong, and so evidently happy in her activity.

She seemed pleased to see Flora so early.

"I had a pleasant feeling when I woke up," she said; at first I fancied it was because I was at home, but found, on reflection, it was because you were here; though I have you against your will."

"Since I came on Fortune's invitation," said Flora, "I have reason to be glad; if I never was in luck till yesterday, the tide has turned, and I'm happy."

"And you will be with your friends by sunset."

"But I shall have left my friends behind me," said Flora, with a good deal of genuine emotion.

"I owe you something for what you told me last night," said Miss Harlem. "I am an out-cast too—a regular business woman. I dare say you were never in a place like this before."

"True," said Miss Flora, "never in one so delightful."

"My dear, I believe you. These creatures are my fossil remains, as I told you. If you know anything about this art of mine, you will be able to tell where I began, and how I have gone on, and point out the place at which I broke down, and came near ending a failure."

"Do tell me about it, for I know nothing," said Flora.

"It will bear repeating, and I rather like the story," said Miss Harlem. "I began this business ten years ago—when, say fifteen. My grandfather owned this place, and he lived and died here; but I was born in New York, and at sixteen knew as little of the country as it is possible for a girl to know. This little house was always too full to accommodate us city children for longer than a night or two at a time. I made up my mind, when I was quite young, that I must earn my own living; and we had in our library, at home, books of birds and animals which I loved above everything, and, when I found that I must go to work, I consulted them about it. Father had a case of stuffed birds, which he had prepared and set up himself, and I determined to make what had been his past time, my means of support. What did I know about competiton and all that? I went to work in my brave, happy ignorance. I bought snipe, and quail, prairie-chickens, and squirrels—you shall have your breakfast within fifteen minutes, sit down—" So saying, Miss Harlem disappeared. Within half an hour the two ladies were again seated at the table.

"I operated on my treasures and found a sale for the poor things among my acquaintances, and this encouraged me so much that I prepared a fine lot, as I believed, and sent them, my dear, to the fair at the American institute. Who so proud as I? But when I had gone so far I happened to see another case of birds which made mine seem as if every bone in their bodies had been broken—they might have been the carcasses of a lot of felons I had bought up cheap, for all the beholder could tell. Then I feasted on the bitter of humiliated pride. One of the newspapers, moreover, contained a report on birds, and noticed my work—to contrast it with that of noted taxidermist, pointing out the difference between the execution of one who studies nature at second hand in a parlor, and another who goes to the fountain-head for knowledge. That remark had in it a spark of fire that shrivelled up my earth and heaven. Everything was swept away in the conflagration except myself, and the conviction that, whoever would deal with nature, must go to nature herself and serve an apprenticeship. But why hadn't somebody told of this before? Why hadn't I seen that this must be so? Why do we never see so well, my dear, as after we have seen? Here began my real history. I was content the next spring and summer with as little as the birds asked, almost. During the winter following, my friends took my miserable work off my hands, I stipulating that each specimen should be exchanged for a better soon as I could do better. So I had money to go into the country again in the spring, and I lived there as Audubon lived among the creatures whose living activity I had set my heart on displaying in their dead forms. This is the awkward "squad" I bought back from my patrons. I assure you it paid—it gave me health, confidence, joy. What a miserable artisan I must have proved, but for that just criticism! I bless the hand that sharpened the tool that attacked me without mercy! But, of course, there was a time when I looked on my great rival as my worst enemy. For two or three years, I suppose, he wasn't out of my thoughts day or night. But the last time I sent to the exhibition"— there Miss Harlem came to a full stop. It was evident that she had approached the climax of her story, and that she could not think upon it without emotion. "You triumphed, I guess," said Flora, after a moment of waiting. Miss Harlem smiled. "He sent for me," she said; "he had orders more than he could begin to fill, and was satisfied that I could do as well as he, and that there was no one else in the country who could. So he proposed a business partnership, and I bought this old place, always famous for its birds."

When Miss Flora returned to town on the 3 p. m. train, she was pondering Miss Harlem's final words, spoken while the train was moving off: "Yes, the great mistake a woman makes is adopting second-hand means—that's the reason she arrives at second-rate ends, and she has herself to thank for it. Don't you make that mistake. Good by for 24 hours."

To be set right for a life-time who wouldn't give five minutes? O Miss Harlem, cannot you be persuaded to accept a diocese?—*Caroline Chesboro, in Appleton's.*

Lake Yellowstone.

The mood of the lake is ever changing; the character of its shore is ever varying. At one momet it is placid and glassy as a calm summer's sea; at the next, "it breaks into dimples, and laughs in the sun." Half an hour later, beneath a stormy sky, its waters may be broken and lashed into an angry and dangereus sea, like the short, choppy waves which rise in storms on Lake Erie and Lake Michigan. Where we first saw it, it had a glittering beach of gray and rock-crystal sand, but as we continued around it, we found rocky and muddy shores, gravel beaches—on which several varieties of chalcedony were profusely scattered—and hot springs in abundance. Near the southeast end of the lake is the highest peak in the vicinity. It is steep and barren, and from the lake shore appears to taper to a point. On the south side is a precipice nearly 1,000 feet high. Two of the party ascended it. It took them all of one day to make the trip and return. About two-thirds of the way up they were obliged to leave their horses and continue the ascent on foot. The altitude of the mountain, as obtained by observations with the barometer and thermometer, was 11,163 feet. Much snow was found before reaching the summit. A fine view of the surrounding country, and a good idea of the shape of the lake obtained. Immense steam jets were seen to the south; but as our time was becoming somewhat limited, we did not remain to visit them. Several barometrical calculations were made, and we determined the height of the lake to be 8,300 feet.—*Overland Monthly.*

Homeopathy.

Homeopathy having become quite a successful system of medical practice, we have thought it might be interesting to many of our readers to note the following facts, which we gather from a late authentic report: "Seventy years ago, Hahnemann planted the small but vigorous shoot, and now behold its roots spreading into all countries. It is naturalized in Austria, Switzerland, Prussia France, Italy, Russia, Germany, Spain, Brazil, America. In New York alone upward of 400 qualified practitioners dispense it; in France, about 300. In England, several hundred medical men openly practice Homeopathically, and the number is daily increasing. These medical practitioners and their lay supporters promulgate their principles through quarterly and monthly journals. There are six Homeopathic Medical societies for scientific discussion; four hospitals: seventy dispensaries for the treatment of the poor—a very large amount of public and gratuitous works, when we consider that it has to be carried on by about three hundred practitioners. In the United States of America they are nearly 5,000 Homeopathic physicians, six colleges, several hospitals, and one or more free dispensaries in each of the large cities.

A STOREKEEPER for the Northern Pacific railroad, at the second crossing of the Cheyenne river, writes that during a severe thunder storm an immense cloud of grasshoppers darkened the air and settled down over the place; they covered the whole ground, and desirous of find-out the extent of the vegetation, he took a carriage and drove out, finding that they extended about three miles each way from him, six miles in all. Millions of them, he writes, were hurled with voilence against the house and killed, so that he "wheeled away ten barrow loads of them." They left not a green thing visible after taking their supper. They remained about twenty-four hours.

THE Protestant Espiscopal Church in the United States reports an actual accession to its communion last year of 24,124. Total number of members, 224,096.

Plain Talk to the Girls.

It is a fact which should be continually brought before the eyes of every girl in the land, that the fashionable method of committing suicide by wearing corsets should be frowned down. Say anything to one about wearing these ribs of whalebones and steel, and they will say they improve the form. The idea! Don't you suppose, you little fool, that your Maker knew what He was about when He fashioned you with his own hands? Or do you think He made woman first, and afterward made a French *modiste*, to get her into decent shape? Perhaps that was how it happened that women are left as nature made them, and fools are shaped by the dressmakers. But it would be only justice to allow the girls to grow up to womanhood before they decide whether they would be women or fools, instead of putting them into corsets when they are tender children.

It is absolute cruelty to put corsets on a little child. No child can wear them more than two or three hours at a time, at first, but they are made to wear them as long as they can endure the tortures, and then take them off and rest awhile, and so on until they become hardened to the torture, and can delight the dressmaker with a slim waist to suit her eye.

But the next question that arises is, whether anything has been taken from the body during the process of slimming the patient? Certainly the waist was smooth and a little tapering before the corsets were applied, now, it is longer, and not more than half the size at the bottom. If nothing has been taken from the waist what have the corsets done with the organs that filled that portion of the body before the corset strings were drawn? They have been squeezed either above or below the waist, and, as those places were already occupied with organs of their own, those squeezed from the waist must have been forced into the space allowed for something else to grow in. So the logical conclusion is, the organs that nature placed within the waist have been forced to vacate the premises, and crowd themselves within the space allotted to other and equally important organs. No wonder the girls lose their rosy cheeks, when the corset strings are drawn so tightly that the blood cannot circulate freely enough to run in the cheeks. No wonder that the lungs refuse to do their work when they haven't half room to work in. And no wonder the organs refuse to perform their office, and girls grow old before their time, suffering from female complaints brought on by wearing corsets and displacing the organs of the body.

We lament the fact that American women have so few children, yet the mothers continue to prevent children from growing up competent to rear children, by the abominable use of corsets. And fathers look on and say nothing. Talk about the foolishness of Chinese women cramping their feet. What are the feet in comparison with the lungs and heart. —*Home and Health.*

Wonders of the Human Ear.

From the London Telegraph.

"You would play upon me—you would seem to know my stops—you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass." When Shakspeare put those words into the mouth of Hamlet, did the poet know that he was stating an anatomical fact—that the auditory apparatus of a man is an instrument of most exquisite musical compexity compared to which the finest harp of Erardt seems but a clumsy failure? For some time past it has been known that the human ear contained a series of minute bodies, called the "rods of Corti," from the name of their discoverer; but Dr. Pritchard, in a paper lately read before the Royal Society, has cast new light upon the curious appendages, and given us fresh reasons to admire the wonderful arrangements of life. When a sound is communicated by air waves to the ear, first the auricle catches it up and transmits it to the drum, which passes it by harmonious vibration through the middle to the internal portion of the organ. Here it is appreciated merely as a sound, its direction and volume being also recorded; but to distinguish the note of the sound, it is passed into the cochler, a spiral canal from the axis of which proceeds a tiny plate of bone; this in turn gives out two membranes, and between these lie the "rods of Corti." Looked at from above, they resemble a double row of piano forte hammers; but the outer rods as they wind up the spiral axis increase in length more rapidly than the inner, whereas the latter augment in number, so that near the apex the outer rods are twice as long as the inner, while to 8,500 outer rods it is computed that there are 5,200 inner ones. Under this delicate and perfect sounding board are clustered nerves and nerve cells, which serve to bear the impression of any vibrating rod or rods to the brain, and with so vast a key board it is plain that not mere semitones, but tenths and even fiftieths of tones, must be recognized by the consummate recording apparatus. It is upon the *lamina spiralis*, then, or tiny plate of bone before mentioned, that the sound is thrown in order to decide its note, and however fine or faint, that sound discovers some one of the perfectly attuned rods which will leap into vibration in coacert with the impulse, and send a melodic or harmonic telegram to the sensorium.

SPANISH draught horses sell for $14 per head in Austin, Texas.

GEMS OF POETRY.

Adversity.

Heaven but tries our virtues by affliction,
And oft the cloud which wraps the present hour
Serves but to brighten all our future days,
Dr. Brown.

Trial.

O block by block, with sore and sharp endeavor,
Life-long we build these human natures up
Into a temple fit for freedom's shrine,
And trial ever consecrates the cup
Wherefrom we pour her sacrificial wine.
J. R. Lowell.

Action.

Rest not! Life is sweeping by:
Go and dare before you die.
Something mighty and sublime
Leave behind to conquer time:
Glorious 'tis to live for aye
When these forms have passed away.
Goethe.

Example.

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts, in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.
The tidal waves of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares.—*Longfellow.*

Beauty.

That beauty is not, as fond men misdeem
An outward show of things, that only seem;
But that fair lamp, from whose celestial ray
That light proceeds, which kindleth lover's fire,
Shall never be extinguished nor decay,
But when the vital spirits do expire,
Unto her native planet shall retire,
For it is heavenly born and cannot die,
Being a parcel of the purest sky.

Despair.

Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees!
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play;
Who hath not learned in hours of faith,
The truth, to flesh and sense unknown,
That life is ever lord of death,
And love can never lose its own.—*Whittier*

The Blessings of Toil.

Ho, all who labor, all who strive!
Ye wield a lofty power;
Do with your might, do with your strength,
Fill every golden hour.
The glorious privilege to do
Is man's most noble dower.
O, to your birthright and yourselves,
To your own souls be true!
A weary, wretched life is theirs
Who have no work to do.—*C. F. Orne.*

Song.

O, spirit of the summer-time!
Bring back the roses to the dells;
The swallow from her distant clime,
The honey-bee from drowsy cells.

Bring back the friendship of the sun;
The gilded evenings calm and late,
When merry children homeward run,
And peeping stars bid lovers wait.

Bring back the singing; and the scent
Of meadow-lands at dewy prime;—
O bring again my heart's content,
Thou spirit of the summer-time!
William Allingham.

The United States Navy.

On July 1, 1872, the active list of the United States was composed of 1,672 commisioned and warrant officers, distributed as follows among the respective grades: Admiral, 1; Vice Admiral, 1; Rear Admirals, 12; Commodores, 25; Captains, 61; Commanders, 90; Lieutenant-Commanders, 155; Lieutenants, 210; Masters, 100; Ensigns, 30; Midshipmen, 135; Medical Directors, 15; Medical Inspectors, 15; Surgeons, 50; Passed Assistant Surgeons and Assistant Surgeons, 75; Pay Officers, 145; Chief Engineers, 62; First Assistant and Second Assistant Engineers, 177; Chaplains and Professors, 30; Naval Constructors, 22; Warrant Officers, 191; and Mates 80. The number of petty officers and seamen amounted to 7,000. At the United States Naval Academy there are 199 Midshipmen pursuing their studies in different classes. The United States naval force on July 1st consisted of 177 vessels, of which 98 are men-of-war of various rates, 51 are iron-clads, and 28 are tugs. The vessels in commission number 55, distributed among various fleets and squadrons. The 51 iron-clads are, with few exceptions, laid up in ordinary, and 4 of them are yet on the stocks. The majority of iron-clads, being built of unseasoned woods, are in a decaying condition. Of the 98 men-of-war, 7 are on the stocks, 11 are being repared, 23 are laid up in ordinary, 4 are on duty as school ships, 7 are used as receiving ships, and 52 are used as store-ships and for special service.

LIVE STOCK NOTES.

THE latest report of sales of stock made by The Paris Kentuckian, rates best two year old medium mules at $90; and second rates at $65 to $70; broke mules, from four to five years old, at $135 to $140.

LAST week 107 cars of cattle and 5 of sheep were shipped from Paris, Kentucky, South.

W. F. EVANS sold, on Wednesday last, to parties in Mercer co., Ky., 75 head of mules at $110 per head.

MESSRS. Brown & Smith, of Christianburg, Shelby County, Ky., shippep on Friday last, sixty-four cattle to the eastern market, averaging 1426 pounds, costing 5¼ cents per pound.

THE Shelby Sentinel says that Mr. J. C. Price, sold to B. H. Dale, four two year old mules at $150 per head. They are said by Mr. P. to be the finest in the country.

MR. J. D. WING, New York City, has just purchased a small herd of Brittany cattle, consisting of one bull and four cows and heifers—a direct importation via Bordeau, with their descendants. These cattle are black and white, and stand only from 41 to 43 inches high.

MR. JOSEPH H. RIEMAN, Dumbarton Farm, Baltimore, has sold to Col. Turly of Tennessee, the Jersey bull Sir Davy (84) and three heifers—also the yearling colt out of imported Arabian mare Saieda by Gov. Powell's Stonewall Jackson.

GREELEY'S SPEECH AT PORTLAND.

How he Proposes to Conduct the Administration — Thieving Governors Advised to Retire to Private Life.

The following is a full report of the interesting speech made by Horace Greely at his reception at Portland on the 15th:

He had struggled throughout his life for, first, impartial and universal liberty; second, the unity and greatness of our commerce and country; third, by no means least, when the former end was attained, for early hearty reconciliation and peace among our countrymen. He recognized the propriety of a candidate for the Presidency making no speeches, yet there is a truth to be uttered in behalf of those who have placed me before the American people in the present attitude, which does them such honor, that I claim the privilege of stating it here. Now this is that truth—no person has ever yet made known the fact that he proposed to support, or actually did support my nomination whether at Cincinnati or Baltimore, or any action which resulted in sending delegates to either convention on the basis of claim for office; no one who favored my nomination before either convention has sought office at my hand, either himself or through any one else; nor has any one suggested to me that I might strengthen myself as a candidate by promising to appoint any one to any important office whatever. In a few instances, I am certain, some of the smaller fry of politicians have, since my double nomination, hinted to me by letter that I might increase my chances by promising a post-office or some such place to my volunteer correspondents respectively.

I have not usually responded to these overtures, but I now give general notice that should I be elected I will consider the claims of these untimely aspirants after those of the more modest and reticent shall have been fully satisfied. [Applause.] In two of these instances I have been asked to say whether I should not, if elected, confine my appointments to Republica. I answer those by pointing to that plank in the Cincinnati platform wherein all who concur in the principles therein set forth, are cordially invited to participate in their establishment and vindication. I never yet heard of a man who invited his neighbors to raise a house, proceed to kick them out of it as soon as the roof was fairly over his head. For my own part I recognize any honest man who approves and adheres to the Cincinnati platform, as my political brother, and as such, fully entitled to my confidence and friendly regards.

One other point demands a word. Those adverse to me ask what pledges I have given to those lately hostile to the Union, to secure their favor and support. I answer, no man or woman in all the South has even asked of me, whether directly through another, any other pledge than is given through all my acts and words, from the hour of Lee's surrender down th this present moment. No Southern man has ever hinted to me any expectative hope or wish that the rebel debt, whether Confederate or State, should be assumed or paid by the Union. No Southern man, who could be elected to a Legislature or made Colonel of a militia regiment, has ever suggested the pensioning of rebel soldiers, or any of them as a remote possibility. All who nominated me were perfectly aware that I had upheld and justified the Federal legislation to repress the Ku-klux conspiracy outrages, though I had long ago insisted, as I now do, that complete amnesty, genuine oblivion of the bloody, hateful past would do more for the suppression and utter extinction of such outrages than all the force bills and suspension of habeas corpus ever devised by men. Wrong and crime must be suppressed and punished, but far wiser and nobler is the legislative policy by which they are prevented.

From those who support me in the South I have but one demand—justice; but one desire—reconciliation. They wish to be heartily reunited and at peace with the North on any terms which do not involve the surrender of their manhood. They cherish a joyful hope of being recognized by Federal authority as citizens, not culprits, so long as they obey and uphold every law consistent with equality, a right they desire, a rule which alike, for white and black, shall encourage industry and thrift, and one in which I fully concur, that between the 5th of November and the 4th of March next, quite a number of Governors and other dignitaries, who in the absurd name of republicanism and loyalty, have for years been fixing debts and taxes upon their war-wasted States, will follow the wholesome example of Bullock, of Georgia, and seek the shades of private life; the darker and deeper those shades the better for themselves and for mankind. The hope that my election may hasten this much-desired hegira of thieving carpet-baggers has reconciled to the necessity of supporting me many who would otherwise have hesitated and probably refused.

Fellow-citizens, the deposed and partially exiled Tammany ring has stolen about $30,000,000 from the city of New York. That was a most gigantic robbery, and hurled its contrivers and abetters from power and splendor to impotency and infamy; but thieving carpet-baggers have stolen at least three times that amount, stolen it from the already impoverished and needy; they still flaunt their prosperous villainy in the brightest places of the land, and are addressed as Honorable, Excellency. [Applause.] I think I hear a voice from honest people of all States, declaring that their iniquity shall be gainful and insolent no longer, at farthrest till the fourth of March next. By that time those criminals will have heard the national verdict pronounced, that will cause them to fold their tents, like Arabs, and silently steal away. That, I trust, will be the end of their stealing, at cost of the good of our country's well-being and her people.

THE Cincinnati *Enquirer* has the following mention of a gentleman well known in Tennessee:

The Democratic National Committee have appointed Mr. A. D. Banks, of Mississippi, as their resident Secretary in New York for this campaign. Mr. Banks was before the war the editor of the *Democrat* at Petersburg, Virginia, and afterward held the same position upon the *Enquirer*. We do not think a better selection could have been made. He has remarkable organizing ability, and we know of no man who has such an intimate knowledge of the men of influence, both North and South. An experienced and sagacious politician, an admirable writer, whose whole soul is embarked in the work, he will give to the committee an activity and energy that it would not otherwise have possessed. His appointment will be particularly acceptable to the South and West, where he has been long known and most highly appreciated.

THE hymn "Nearer, My God to Thee," which has touched more hearts than any other modern composition, was written by Miss Sarah Fuller Fowler, of London, who died as Mrs. Sarah F. Adams in 1840.

FORTY head of fine trotting stock will be offered for sale at auction in Mercer County, Ky., on the 10th day of September, by R. E. Coleman.

A SECOND Spurgeon has been discovered in the person of Rev. Alexander McLarren, of Manchester, England.